

Madness in Darkness

by TheGodlessAngelOfDarkness

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Summary: Stoick the Vast & Hiccup the Useless pairing. Yaoi/Incest. Don't like, Don't read. Stoick goes a little overboard one night drinking and what follows after a horrid mistake and can only get worse. Read for more info. WARNING: Rape & Abuse

1. Chapter 1

I DO NOT own anything to do with "How to Train your Dragon."**Multichapter w/ Warning ahead. :3 All comments/reviews accepted.

WARNING: This is a dark story w/ incest, abuse, rape, and eventually character death.

Opening in **'Stoick the Vast P.O.V.'** F.Y.I. -Gobber speaks in broken speech, so some spelling is "wrong" on purpose. Please review.

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><p>It was late in the night. Cold. The weather was horrid. Rain pouring daily and the black clouds causing the village of Berk to be in nearly constant darkness. The torches used to light the night had been fastened with a metal cover to keep the rain away and the flames going.<p>

Within the Mead Hall several viking men were sat about talking and drinking. 'Stoick the Vast' and 'Gobber the Belch' were the drunkest of all and the loudest. The men sat in a heated discussion over one of the smallest vikings in Berk. Stoick's son, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. Though through-out most of Hiccups life he was known as 'Hiccup the Useless.' The name was giving out my his unruly cousin, Snotlout.

Hiccup was the most clumsiest, smallest, weakest viking in Berk.

Everything he seem to do would lead to disaster. He was what some called "cute," but in Berk, being cute was not something to smile about. Vikings were men with lots of hair, strong, and had a horrid smell...apparently. ...Anyway...These were the things Stoick and Gobber were speaking about, though they were very drunk at this point.

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><p>"But you don't get it Gobber! The boy is a walking diasater! Everything he touches breaks. The boy can barely lift a sword." Stoick spoke in anger. "Give em time Stoick. I'm sure tha boy will grow up to be a fine viking." Stoick interrupted the man with the inner-changerable hand. "No Gobber. I mean it. You don't see the way he is like I do." "And what way might that be, ah Stoick? I've been working wit the boy in the forge for nearly a year and half now. He knows his way around. He may not be able to lift a sword, but oh he can sure meld one no problem." Gobber spoke with pride. Hiccup really was a great forge smith.<p>

Stoick mearly shook his head. He was being to get a really bad headache. He knew he was quite drunk and his vision blurring. He could barely keep up with what he was even talking about in the first place. The giant viking decide it was time to head home. With a few pardons to Gobber and the other vikings stilling chugging their drinks, he headed home.

Stoick was dripping wet as he entered his home. Slightly surprised at what he found. A pleasant warmth coming from the fire place, a fresh plate of cooked mackerel, and a nice bundle of furs and skins sitting in his arm chair that was seated before the fire place. A slight smile graced Stoicks drunken face. Hiccup may be a bad viking, but he was an amazing son. From time to time.

After eating the still fresh cooked fish Stoick made his way over to the chair to warm himself before he decide to head to bed. Along the way he stumbled badly and bumped hard into the chair. A loud "yelp" was heard from beneath the furs placed in the chair. It was Hiccup. He had more than likely been waiting up for his dad and fallen asleep.

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><p>WARNING AHEAD: Rape and Abuse - Incest -<p>

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><p>"Hicc-hic-Hiccup? Wha-what arrre you still upps for?" Stoick was still quite drunk and his words were slurring. Hiccup looked up at his dad. A small smile gracing his lips. "Oh, um, hey, ah, dad. I was just waiting up for you. I knew you were, aaah, at the Hall with Gobber...drinking... and thought you might want something to eat to help your stomach. haa ha." Hiccup looked to the floor. He had meant to head to his room when he heard his dad coming, but had fallen asleep due to the comfort of the chair and the warm furs he had set out for his father. His father could be a bad drunk from time to time.<p>

His father just stared down at him and Hiccup was beginning to get flustered under his fathers eyes, so he made a move to stand only to

be swiftly pushed back down. Hiccup looked from the strong hand keeping him seated to his father. His brows knotting in confusion. The look in his dad's eyes caused shiver to shoot through Hiccup's small body. It scared him. A lot.

"Uuuh dad?" Silence met Hiccup's question. The grip Stoick had on his son's shoulder tighten and Hiccup began to whimper from the pain. In one swift motion, Stoick threw the furs, Hiccup had previously been wrapped in, to the floor. Hiccup was left sitting in the chair in only his gown. ****(****you know that long dress like thing everyone used to sleep in way back before pjs)****

"You should be asleep Hiccup." His voice stern and laced with something Hiccup couldn't tell. His breath smelled bad with alcohol. "I was just.." A large hand came over Hiccup's mouth stopping him from completing his sentence. Hiccup was jerked up from the chair by his neck and thrown down upon the furs his father carelessly had yanked off him earlier. He landed hard on the left side of his body.

Hiccup glanced up to his father, shaking noticeably. Stoick was looming over the smaller body. His eyes and mind blurring greatly. The boy under him was scared, but not fighting. He reached down and Hiccup flinched away. He gripped the collar of the gown and pulled..no..ripped. From the collar to mid-way of his stomach. Small hands gripped at larger ones. "Dad, what are you.." A loud smack was the interrupter of this sentence now.

Before Hiccup could utter a word a cloth was shoved in his mouth, but he was screaming regardless. Strong hands ripped the remainder of the gown open. Hiccup stilled with fear and awareness. His legs thrust open. Hiccup's eyes shot to his father's only to have his forced away to stare at the chair beside them.

It started as burn and turn into a horrible stabbing pain. The smaller boy shut his eyes as tight as he could. The pain was coming faster and faster, but the burn was subsiding. He was bleeding and badly. He could feel a wetness running up his back. His lower half was going numb, but he could still feel himself being pounded into.

The screaming that was muffled by the cloth deep in his mouth was loud and clear in Hiccup's head. He had no thoughts, just screaming. As the pain overtook his body and mind, Hiccup slipped into a dreamless world and the darkness consumed him. Just before he was lost to the pain he felt a warmth feeling his body.

'Disgusting.'

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><p>Wow...That's a little F**ked up and I wrote it. More to come in chapter two. Whether you enjoyed this or hated it, please review. -F.Y.I.- I actually have a plot unfolding here, so please, if you disliked or loved it, continue reading to understand the Whats, Whys, & Whos of this little story. :3<p>

WARNING: This is a dark story w/ incest, abuse, rape, and eventually character death. Chapter two. Also toothless will not be mentioned in this story. Think of it as instead of meeting Toothless, Hiccup meets his fathers darker side.

(Hiccup P.O.V.)

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><p>Hiccup was twisiting and turning in his sleep. He was having a horrid nightmare. He shot forward, breathing heavily. Wrong move. As soon as his body sat up he slammed back down onto his bed. Screaming out a cry of pain. His lower half was throbbing badly. Then he realized. His nightmare was more than what it appeared to be. Hiccup threw the covers off himself.<p>

The gown he was wearing wasn't his. It wasn't even a gown. It was one of his fathers rather large shirts. That was all that was needed for the images of last night to fill his mind painfully. He began gasping for air. He was in shock and very scaried. His father had raped him. His own son. His flesh and blood. He vomited.

After finally calming himself down and cleaning his mess, Hiccup slowly made his way down stairs. He moved slowly not only from pain, but so not to alert his father of his presances if he was still home. When he finally made it to the bottom of the stares he stopped. His eyes had travelled around the room and his father was clearly not home, but what had stopped him was where his nightmare had began.

The furs were no longer laying on the floor. There was no evidence of anything that had happened last night, but Hiccup couldn't stop staring at that certain spot on the floor. Where his drunken father had raped him. Had Forced himself on him. He vomited once more, this time not caring to clean it up.

Hiccup trugged to the dinner table in an attempt to sit and think this through. As he attempted to sit he was met with a serious pain in his lower body. Hiccup yelped loudly and fall to the floor. The door to the house slammed open just as his yell came out. The smaller boys head wipped to the entrance and his eyes bulged. It was his father. Hiccup quickly turned to the floor and he began shaking. He was scaried and though he knew why, he didn't at the same time.

As Stoick entered he quickly shut the door to his home and eyed his son, who was now shaking horribly and had his eyes shut tight. Like last night. The larger man shook the thought away. Though Stoick had been overly drunk, he still remembered everything he had done to his son.

After he had empited himself into his boy, he pulled away in shock and stared down at the still boy. Blood covered the floor and his seed was leaking from his lower back. Stoick went to get water and cleaned his child up as well as the floor. Looking over the boy, he saw that though he had ripped the boy, it wasn't too bad and that he wouldn't need to see the healer, but he felt shame. Not just for what he had just done, but because of how much he enjoyed it.

Stoick moved swiftly up the stairs with Hiccup in his arms. He laid the boy gently on the bed. Hoping not to wake him removed the now

bloody and torn gown from his body and pulled one of his own shirts onto the boy before carrying him to his bed and placing a few more furs onto him. He left his home shortly after.

Now he facing his fully awake and frightened child. He had no idea what to say. He wanted to apologize, but he didn't. He didn't say anything. He just went to his son and swiftly picked him up and brought him to his chair, where he carefully set him. All the while Hiccup never opened his eyes or ceased his shaking. His eyes travelled over the boy. More than they needed to.

Hiccup was so much like his mother. Smaller than most vikings, with stunning emerald eyes. Soft auburn hair, though much shorter than hers. A slightly freckled face with pale skin. Plump light pink lips. Kind hearted, but so much more fragile than she was ever. He had not touched another woman once she passed shortly after bearing Hiccup.

Stoick looked away. He couldn't deny the fact that he enjoyed taking his son last night and he couldn't stop hearing a voice in his head that said he could do it again. Anytime he wanted. He knew Hiccup would never tell a soul. Who would even believe him? Stoick was a strong and mean viking, but he never hurt his own people, till now anyway.

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><p>Though hiccup had just woken up it wasn't morning. Nor the afternoon. It was nearly nightfall and though Stoick had decided it would be better to leave Hiccup be and rest, he had spent the day in the Mead Hall. Drinking. He didn't do it for the joy of hearing stories and just 'having a drink.' He did it to forget what he had done, but the more he drank the more he remembered. Remembered how it felt and how much he enjoyed it.<p>

Even though he was nowhere near as drunk as last night, the large viking was still more than tipsy. Suddenly he felt small hands scratching at his own. Pulling from his thoughts he noticed he had laced his fingers into Hiccups hair, tightly, and had yanked him up out of the chair slightly. He released his grip quickly and Hiccup fell from the chair to the floor at his feet.

Hiccup looked up at his father with fearful eyes. Stoick was watching Hiccup with a hunger in his eyes that made the smaller boy whimper. Before a word was uttered Stoick had laced his fingers back into his sons hair and pulled him toward the fire place and let him go.

"Start a fire." Stoick said this in a stern voice. Hiccup looked from the fire place to his father. Unsure whether to do as he was told or try and leave the house. Quickly. His decision was made for him. "NOW!" At his father's words Hiccup jumped and began building a fire. Stoicks eyes watch his son heavily. He reached for the fur that was draped over him and pulled it away. Hiccup turned to his father with fearful and question eyes. Stoick ignored the plea in his sons eyes.

"Finish." Hiccup didn't have to be told twice. He turned back to the fire place and tried to light the logs he had placed in the pit. All the while Stoicks eyes watched Hiccups backside sway every so often.

Even though Hiccup was a boy his body was suited more to a womens shape. His hips had a perfect shape and his ass was round and plump. Without thinking or caring, Stoick reached out and rubbed his sons bottom.

Hiccup quickly flinched from the touch and turned on a dime to his father with shocked eyes. "Please. Don't. Not agai.." Hiccup was interrupted as his father grasped his chin harshly and jerked his face to his own. Without another word Stoick locked his mouth onto his sons. Forcing tongue past Hiccups lips and traveled all over the smaller boys mouth.

Hiccup tried to push away from the larger man, but it was effortless. Stoick was one of the strongest vikings in Berk. Stoicks hand moved from Hiccups chin to the collar of his shirt, **(Stoicks over-sized shirt which is a gown on Hiccup)** , Pulling the boys head to his lap.

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><p>:WARNING: Rape & Abuse ahead. Read at your own risk.<p>

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><p>"Suck." Stoick's other hand was laced once more into Hiccups auburn hair, keeping his head hovering above his lap. Hiccup opened his mouth, but with a jerk to his hair only a loud cry escaped his lips and Stoick spoke. "From this point forward your going to do whatever I tell you, without one of your damned complaints. Now the only time I wanna see that mouth of yours open is to take my cock into it."As Stoick finished he jerked at Hiccups hair again.<p>

Without a word Hiccup just stared at his father before said man released his hair to allow him to complete his task. The smaller boy slowly, with shaking hands, unclipped his fathers belt and opened his trousers. His face inches from a overly large cock. Glancing up to his father, one finale time, with a pleaing look in his eyes. Stoick only pushed Hiccups face against his thick twtching cock.

Getting on his knees Hiccup placed his hands around his fathers cock. Moving his shaking hands slowly from the tip to the base. Stoick thurst his hips slightly to nudge his son to get on with it. The smaller boy placed his mouth at the tips of the monstereest shaft. It was, in fact, to large to fit into his mouth. A thought of how this thing didn't tare him in half passed his mind.

Working his tongue around the tip he in a circle motion, he felt his father shudder and began making his way down to the base of the now leaking cock. Though Hiccup certainly had never done this type of thing before, he had heard men in the village talk about how they enjoyed it. The boy wanted his father to cum quickly so he could go back to his room and wallow in his shame. Not even thinking if his dad would be satisified with just a blow job.

With his left hand, Hiccup cupped his fathers balls and rolled them around in his palm. His tongue now licking at the slit of the thick cock like a kitten to a saucer of milk. Stoick was moaning and grunting heavily now. He grabbed his sons hair and forced his large cock down his throat, ignoring the clawing at his thigh and the

choking sound Hiccup was making.

He held the smaller boy in place and unloaded his seed deep in his sons throat, forcing him to swallow everything he had to give.

When Stoick finally released his hold on Hiccup, he pulled away quickly and gulped in fresh air while trying his best to keep from vomiting. Stoick righted himself before saying anything. A smile graced his face. "Good boy. Now go clean up and maybe I'll get you something to eat, He patted his son head and headed out the door. Hiccup watched him leave. Even after his dad was gone, his eyes never left the door.

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><p>chapter two! blam. I wonder what will happen when stoick gets back? What will hiccup do now? What his gobber gonna do when he sees hiccup? What will hiccup say? :O review and we shall see.<p>

3. Chapter 3

(DonburiYumYum: You are reason for my updates. Your reviews keep me writing chapters. With each review I get I shall write another chapter.)

WARNING: This is a dark story w/ incest, abuse, rape, and eventually character death.

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><p>Sickened and with it being night time, Hiccup decided to go back to bed. As he lay beneath his sheets he tried to understand why his father was treating him this way. Had he done something so bad that THIS was his punishment? To be his dad's f**k toy whenever the man say fit? Hiccup shruddered and willed the thoughts away. He wanted sleep. A dreamless slept in fact. Not to be forced to relive what had become of him over and over, like the last time he slept.<p>

Stoick was heading to meet Gobber in the forge. The sun had only been set for a bit and was sure the man was there. He needed to tell his 'brother' of his sins, but what would the man say? What would he do? Stoick knew Gobber loved Hiccup. He steased the boy alot, but tough love seemed to be what the child needed as the man with the inter-changable hand would say.

Stoick stopped just outside the forge. He couldn't man. Sure, they had been through alot together, but this was not the same as all their other talks. Gobber wouldn't see things as he did. No, Stoick didn't understand why he was doing what he was to Hiccup. To his only son. Was it the stronger resemblance the boy and his late wife shared? was it because he hadn't touched another since her death?

Stoick wasn't sure. Honestly, he didn't care. He ventured into the forge to met with his 'brother' Gobber. **(brother as in NOT family, but warrior style)** The large blonde man was busy hammering away at a warped sword. Attempting to bang out flaw. As Stoick entered, one would know, the man had trouble fitting in most doors due to his size and height.

Gobber turned to his friend with a large, toothy smile upon his face. "Ay, Stoick, was wondering if you were goin to make it here. How's Hiccup? Still sick I suppose, yeah? Poor laddie. Never was the strongest, inside or out. Ya don't think its a virus ay, Stoick?" The blonde man had turned back to the cocked sword. Holding it up to look it over.

"No. Actually, when I got back to the house he was awake, but...still very sick. I gave him some 'medicine' and helped him back to bed." Stoick had taken a sit on a stool not far from the other man as he said this. Gobber turned and eyed the man. When it came to any sickness The man knew that Stoick would never baby anyone over it, especially Hiccup. The laddie had told him more then enough stories where the boy was vomiting his gouts out and his father still had him doing his chores.

"That's odd Stoick. Coming from you I mean. So you gave the boy some medicine, yeah?" Gobber had a strange feeling that his friend was telling me a tale. He could tell when the he was because the way he speak would change. Not too noticeable unless you knew Stoick like Gobber did.

"Yeah. I believe he is probably asleep by now." Gobber listened to all Stoick said. He noticed that something was off about the man. "So when do you think I'll have my apprentice back? I could use his help, with all the work building up." Gobber was gonna find out what was going on one way or another.

"Should be back by tomorrow morning. He may not be at full strenght, but the boy can't lazy around much more than he has." Stoick stood to leave. "See ya in the morn, I should head off to bed myself."

With that Stoick left the other man. Gobber fell into deep thought, surprising considering he usually would never question the Chief of the village over anything and follow him blindy, but something wasn't right. The older blonde man was gonna have to have aserious talk with Hiccup in the morning.

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><p>The nest day Hiccup woke with more ease than the last. Most of the pain in his lower body had eased greatly. It was just barely sunrise. Hiccup got up and dressed. Throwing on his usual attire he made his way out of his home. His father was still deep in sleep and snoring loudly. This made the small boy smile. No unneeded interactions for today or atleast the moment anyway.<p>

Hiccup made his way through the village of Berk to stop just outside the forge. Taking a deep breath, the boy walked in. Hoping to keep his cool and act as if nothing ever happened. If anything he was just sick if someone would ask about any difference in him that he didn't see.

Hiccup made his way to his usual bench. Attempting to pick up a rather heavy sword. About to drop it and himself to the floor, Gobber, quickly righted the boy and took the sword from the boy. Sitting it to the side, he gestured for Hiccup to follow him to the back. Fear flashed across his face.

Though he would hate to admit it, the large man's gesture to head to the back room scared him. Badly. He knew that Gobber would never hurt him. The man was more of a father then his own. More now than ever. Pushing his fear aside, Hiccup quickened his pace and followed behind the forge owner.

"So, um, what do you need? I mean, did you wanna talk?" He was shaking slightly and his eyes stared on the floor. Gobber was sure something was going on between the boy and his father. What was the question he needed answered. The boy was pale, eyes red. Had he been crying? His legs were shaking from something other than fear.

While the older man was looking the boy over, Hiccup felt a ping of fear creep through him once more. He shook his head. He couldn't think this man would dare touch him like his father had. He couldn't. He wouldn't. Would he?

Gobber spoke, breaking Hiccup from his thoughts. "So I hear from Stoick you've been sick?" Just his fathers name sent a jolt through him, a jolt Gobber noticed. "Umm, uh, I mean, aah," he was stuttering, the boy always stuttered whenwas thinking of a lie. He only stuttered when he was lying or about to. The boy was as see through as an open window.

"Hiccup, stop. I can see from both you and your fathers actions and words, that something is gonig on. Now be a good laddie and tell me what is going on. Now." His voice was stern, unlike his usual joking tone. Hiccup flinch at the words and looked up to the man. a frown playing across his face.

"I, I mean we, well it's..." He looked to the floor and closed his eyes. He wouldn't say it. He couldn't. The words to explain everything were so tangled up that Hiccup couldn't figure out a way to make sense of it all. He shook his head before looking up a the older man. "I've just been really sick as of late. Dad's...just been helping me get better." Hiccup's eyes stayed to the floor. He felt more shame lying to the man before him then what his father did to him, but he didn't get why.

"Really.." Gobber looked the boy over once more and rubbed his aching head. He knew it was all a lie. He would have to find out what was going on on his own. Sighing, Gobber used his good "hand," the one that wasn't a hook I mean, to patt the boy on the shoulder and urged him to get to work.

4. Chapter 4

Mimiziizii: Thank you so much for the feed back. I enjoyed reading your review the most. P.s. I am not the best speller or good w/ grammer but I am trying hard. Sorry for my mistakes.

Bows

WARNING: This is a dark story w/ incest, abuse, rape, and eventually character death.

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><p>Hiccup was extremely tired. There was no words to describe the pain he was feeling. Neither phyiscally or mental. He was exhausted.

Outside the forge it was twilight. The inbetween night and day. He had no desire to head home. He was scared. Two nights in a row had his father hurt him, but he knew he had to. Instead of heading straight there, though, Hiccup made his way to the Mead Hall.<p>

As he made his way, slowly, through Berk, Hiccup let his mind wander. His father had been drunk both times he hurt him, but he knew what he was doing. It's not like he had been doing this to him for years, but... But he didn't know what to think. Hiccup never been hurt like this before, by anyone. He knew if he told anyone they would just say he was lying and tell his father. If his father found out he told anyone what would he do? What ELSE would he do?

The thought frightened Hiccup greatly, so he pushed it away and entered the Hall. The place was crowded. That didn't bother him though. No one really put much attention on 'Hiccup the Useless' anyway. What bothered him was his father in the center of a group of drunken men. Several men were laughing rather loudly and a few were fighting on the ground. His father had his eyes locked on him. A serious look in his eyes. Hiccup turned and left. Quickly.

Hiccup moved swiftly and quickly to his home. He had had a big lunch with Gobber and didn't exactly need food at the moment. He just wanted to get away from his father. From those eyes that looked at him in the sickest of ways. Everytime he saw his father since the first night, Hiccup had been frightened to death just being near the larger man. He just wanted to crawl under his covers and sleep. He wanted to forget. He wanted everything like it was before.

Before the door to his home could be shut, it was forced open. Stoick entered and slammed the door behind him. His eyes on the boy. Hiccup began quaking where he stood. Frozen and immobile. Stoick "stocked" up to his son. With every step he made near Hiccup, the boy would take a step back. Till his back was firmly against the wall. He didn't realize it, but he was crying.

He knew that look. He had learned what it meant two days ago. It was a look of hunger. Want. Need. Hiccups breathing was shaky and shallow. He had no power in this situation and no control. He reached out a trembling hand to his fathers chest. An attempt to halt the man if only for a moment.

"Please. Just...why?" Emerald eyes stared into hazy deep black ones. "Please?" His voice was breaking and his crying wasn't helping. His question was answered with a hand gripping his hair tightly and jerking him to move with the larger man.

Stoick pulled his son up the stairs. Ignoring the cries the boy was wailing. As he approached his room he kicked the door open and tossed the boy toward the bed.

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><p>:WARNING: Abuse, Rape, & Incest Ahead. -Read at own risk-<p>

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><p>Hiccup fall to the floor. Leaning against the bed while gripping the sheets tightly. His eyes were wide and still locked on to his

father. His tears pouring out. Stoick walked to the weeping boy and jerked him onto the bed. He leant in and caressed his sons cheek. He moved to kiss the boy, but was rejected. Hiccup had turned away. His fathers breath smelled nauseatingly of beer.<p>

Hiccup was pusjed harshly against the bed. Before he would realize what was happening, the smaller boy felt his pants being torn off him. He opened his mouth only to clamp it shut when he felt hands traveling up his thighs. The smaller boy let out a sharp gasp as his legs were forced open.

On reflex, Hiccup shot his hands between his painfully open legs. "Wait! Don't!" Hiccup's plea was cut off by a large thickness forcing its into him. A large hand keeping his mouth shut tight as a muffled cry left the smaller boy.

Stoick groaned as he forced his way into the tightness of his son. He tightly gripped Hiccups wrists and held him in place while he pounded into the small body. With his mouth freed of the large hand, Hiccup let out cry after cry. His father slamming into him and reopening and worsening his wounded entrance.

Hiccup begged his father to relent from him, but it seemed with each plea his father only quicked his pace. As enjoying his sons cries of pain and misery. Finally his father released deep within Hiccups shaking body. As he pulled out he watched his seed spill from Hiccup, just as he had before. More blood than before was mixed with his mess he had left in the smaller boy.

'Am I going mad?' Stoick question himself as he watched his now slightly shaking son atop his bed. His wrists were already turning a sick purple. He step back and quick turned and left the room. Leaving Hiccup to himself and his pain, just has he had the other times before.

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><p>End of chapter 4 is the shortest of them all, but I need to sleep and plot out the next chapter. To make up for this one being so short I will make the next one atleast 2,000 words or longer. Again I apologize on the size of it, but I hope you enjoyed it. ***HINT*** Next chapter we take a walk with Stoick and hear his side.<p>

!PLEASE REVIEW! -Good or Bad. Thank you-

5. Chapter 5

*Thank you for the reviews all! They help me write every night. I hope you are enjoying this story because it will soon be at the end. -HINT- Last chapter reveals death.

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(Stoicks P.O.V.) *- FACT: Valhallarama is Stoicks wife. Read the book. I did my reseach :) -**

* * *

><p>He sat in his chair by the fire place. His head was pounding. So many questions were building, but the large man just couldn't answer them.<p>

How could he do what he was to Hiccup? Did he do it because he looked so much like Valhallarama or just because he felt the urge to have another in his bed without attachment? Why was it that he would avoid seeing Hiccup until he was lost in a drunken haze?

That question was actually quite simple to answer. While he was drunk, Stoick felt like he could do whatever he pleased to his son without feeling the shame he had once he sobered. Like now for instance. When he was lost in that "haze" he could will away the voice that screamed to him to stop. That it was wrong. Stoick knew though. Drunk or sober. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't stop.

After being without the touch of another for so long, once he finally got it he had become an addict for it. For Hiccup. His son. While he was lost in that touch all that mattered was his pleasure, but what of Hiccup? What about the mental scars he KNEW he was forcing upon his son?

All he had ever wanted was for his son to become a man. A warrior/dragon slayer. Not his whore. Never in the thirteen years pf Hiccup's life had Stoick ever so much as layed a hand on the boy. He only scolded him. Because that face was too much like hers. Now he was bending him over every chance he got. He was hurting his son in a way a child should never hurt their child, yet he was andenjoying it.

Why?

The question plagued him. Stoick shook the thoughts away and glanced to the stairs that lead to his room. To the place he had abandoned Hiccup just hours ago. Was he okay? Was he going mad? Was he breaking? How badly had he hurt his son now? He shook the thoughts away once more.

He needed to speak with Hiccup. He needed to end this sick nightmare he was forcing his child into.

* * *

><p>**(Hiccups P.O.V.)**<p>

* * *

><p>He layed in the same fashion he was left in. Half dressed with legs spread upon his fathers bed. Bleeding and oozing a disgusting mess that was not his own. He didn't want to move. He didn't think he could.<p>

Was this what was left for him? All he wanted was to please his father. He believed trying to become a warrior would be enough, but this? This wasn't something Hiccup never thought he would do with another man, but his own father was forcing him to. He felt worthless now. Disgusting. Shamefull. There was no way out. He could never stop his father. The man never listened to him and he definitely wasn't

strong enough to push the man off him.

Hiccup let the tears flow just as he did moments ago. What else could he do?

Everything was crumbling in ways he couldn't understand. He was breaking. He barely had eaten in the past two days. Barely slept. He was falling apart and becoming bruised.

He wasn't going to the forge tomorrow. Maybe never again. Maybe he would lock himself away and spread a lie that he had died? Maybe he should become his father's whore. At least then he would be of use to someone. Damn the sins and fire that would await him after this life, because he knew he would meet his father there with him. He had given up. No matter what he thought. What he attempted to think of to get out of this hell, there was nothing but a losing battle at the end of the road.

He began to laugh quietly until he was almost screaming with an insane cry he dubbed as "laughter." He was most certainly at the edge of sanity and just a step away from the reality he once knew. Should he step over and fall away or turn and run? He pushed his hands to his eyes and tried to will the thoughts away that were beginning to frighten him.

Steps. He heard steps. Coming from the stairs? Hiccup jolted up, ignoring the pain coursing through him. He grabbed the furs upon the bed and hid beneath them while attempting to hide from the man he knew was coming. Coming to play again.

* * *

><p>**(Stoick & Hiccup P.O.V.)** ...No really? yeah...? You're an idiot... **SHUT UP! **OMG okay! *Backs away*

* * *

><p>Stoick entered the room slowly. He had no desire to scare the boy further. He honestly had no desire to even be in the same room as his son, but he had to try. Try and end this. He glanced around and stopped at the bed. The lump beneath his furs was shaking horribly.<p>

"Hiccup." The lump jumped slightly, but stopped shaking. "Hiccup, I need to talk with you. About what we..I've..been doing. I know I've been hurting you. In some many ways." He stopped as he watched the lump slowly rising. Hiccup was sitting up now, his back to his father. He began once more.

"I can't answer you as to why I've been doing this. I don't even know for sure myself. I know I am hurting you. That I'm breaking you, but..." Stoick was interrupted by a quiet sound escaping from Hiccup. The sound slowly grew and he realized the small boy was laughing. Soon he was back to his screaming laughter. Stoick only sat and watched.

...What...have I done? As the question crossed the larger man's mind, he watched as Hiccup slowly turned to face him. His laughter dying away into an eerie silence.

* * *

><p>OH SNAP! Chapter five ends here. What is going to happen? Who is going to die? Who will leave this nightmare alive? Find out in the next and finale chapter 6. I promise to write and upload tomorrow. Till then my friends. *Bows* *(PLEASE REVIEW!)*<p>

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6 Finale chapter MAYBE! Should I end it in this frighten nightmare or should I shine the light on this poor child? Reveiw and tell me.

(WARNING: This is a dark story w/ incest, abuse, rape, and eventually character death.)

(P.O.V. UNKNOWN)

* * *

><p>Neither dare look away. Eyes set with stronge emotion. Black eyes filled with fear as they stared into drak emarld. What was this look? Stoick knew had seen it once before, but where? The familar feeling of dread those eyes brought.<p>

The silence brought him to the end of his nerves. Hiccup's small pale face was now wearing an eeire grin. His eyes were dull and held nothing within them. No fear, no pain, no sadness. Stoick was never a man to know fear. Toward anyone. At this moment he felt as if his heart would stop and without warning it began.

The larger man didn't know how it started. All he knew was one moment he and Hiccup were staring at each other and then his son was clawing at his eyes. Those eyes filled with a rage no man could have. The child was relentless. No matter how strong Stoick's grip on the small child was, the boy would find a way free and lash at the larger man. Stoick ruffly throw the boy to the wall across the room.

Gasping from the struggle, Stoick looked himself over. He had scatches and already forming brusies across his arms and neck. Some Quite deep. The sudden sound of thrashing caused the man to turns his gaze back to his boy. Hiccup was charging his father with the mans own axe he kept upon the wall. Stoick hurriedly rolled away as the axe came crashing down to floor.

Without warning the axe slashed swifted to the left, making a rather deep gash within the mans left arm. Stoick cluthed the wound and let out a yelp of great pain. the child was trying to hack the man to bits. He had literally drove his son mad and was now at risk of being chopped to pieces.

* * *

><p>:Rockeetist - Rotten Girl Grotesque Romance & Alice Human Sacrifice: was what I was listening to as I wrote this next part. haha, please listen to it as you read this part!<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup was blinded with uncontrollable madness. He swung his father's axe randomly, but the moment blood was drawn he lost himself completely. He watched as the man he once knew as his father wailed in agony. His grin turning into a maddening smile. He attacked while the man was lost in his pain. He hatched wildly at him. As his screams grew and the blood poured, Hiccup only laughed. Taking a step back he admired his work.<p>

Deep blood covered the room and the man was now silent, staring wildly at the boy. He only cocked his head to the side and let his smile grow more. He lifted the axe high above his head and in a swift motion, let it come crashing down heavily upon his father's head. The only sound heard was that of the mad boy's laughter.

* * *

><p>Without warning, Gobber came rushing into the room. He had heard screaming as he was coming to find out what exactly Hiccup and Stoick were hiding from him. He froze as he entered the room. The sight before him stopped him from speaking any question of the screams he had just heard. His eyes shot to Hiccup. The small boy was covered in his father's blood. He was sat on the floor. The axe beside him. He was cradling something in his lap, but the man couldn't see what it could be.<p>

"Hiccup...? What in Thor have you done to Stoick! Why? WHY? have you done this..." His questions stopped as the child slowly turned to him. The object he was cradling and apparently stroking gently could now be seen. The man took a step back in shock. Fear rising in him. Stoick's eyes were now locked with the blonde man's.

Hiccup lifted his father's head level with his and smiled at it in a playful manner. Gripping it by its hair, he held it to the other man. "Would you like to have a word with daddy, Gobber? He isn't in much of a talking mood it seems, though." Hiccup turned the head back to him and pouted at it. "He and I have been playing a lot lately, but now daddy he is just making a mess." His head gestured to the blood about the room.

Gobber just stared. His mind racing. He knew something was going on between the two, but for this to be the outcome? What had Stoick done to the boy. His eyes shot back to the auburn haired boy who was now placing the head down. He reached for the axe and stood. Turning, and he was now facing the blonde. His smile frightened.

"What's the matter?" His head tilted slightly, the crazed smiling never falling. He moved to the blonde and lifted the axe. "Hiccup. What are you doing?" He asked the boy with a panicked voice. He never knew Hiccup to be a violent child, but the scene before him told him to leave, but he had strayed too far into Hiccup's twisted problem.

Hiccup was closing the small distance between him and the man. Stopping just before him. He placed the axe in the other's hand. Gobber did nothing, but looked from the axe to boy. His eyes stayed upon the boy. Too shocked to do anything more.

Passing the man, Hiccup left the room. Left the house. Left the village. He kept walking. No soul about to witness his leave or blood splattered body. As Hiccup reached the cliff that overlooked the

docks, he let his smile and eyes fall. Now facing the chilling waters below, he stared.

With one step he was falling...into the rocky darkness below. There was nothing after this. No words. No tears. No scream.

Nothing, but freezing waters and a loud splash.

* * *

><p>Sorry if this ending displeased you, but this is the end...OR IS IT? REVIEW! And maybe I giving you one more chapter. Maybe I'll make it an actual happy ending for Hiccup. Who knows? One way to see... ;) Ta ta! But please read my other stories. Just look for my name!TheGodlessAngelOfDarkness<p>

7. Chapter 7

Here is the punch in the face happy ending, wait ending? How about sweet begining? Maybe. I'm winging this! Lets see how many chapters I can make!

::NO WARNING NEEDED::

(Hiccup's P.O.V.)

* * *

><p>*SPLASH*<p>

A Yelp echoed the room as Hiccup fell to the floor. He glanced around his room. Wait! He was in his room? Shouldn't he be at the floor of the ocean? Shouldn't he be dead? Maybe he really truly lost his mind. He shook his head and looked himself over.

He was sweaty and out of breath. He was in his gown and.. WHAT? He snapped his eyes to his gown. No rip. No blood. How could this be? Hadn't his father ..ruined.. his gown? Hiccup was confused and his was starting to pound. Suddenly he heard something. Something coming from his fathers room.

Getting up from his fallen place upon the floor, Hiccup made his way to his fathers room. Standing just outside the door, the small boy put his ear to the door. Snoring could easily be heard comming from the room. Hiccup stepped back shocked. "What?" was become the number one word of the day for the boy. Taking a deep breath, Hiccup pushed the door open quietly. Eyes wide, he stared at his father sleeping in his bed.

Confused Hiccup walked up to the bed and shook the sleeping mans arm. Stoick slowly woke and placed his tired eyes upon his son. "Hiccup, what in Thor are you doing? Can't you see I was sleep! What could be so wrong that you just HAD to wake me?" Stoick stopped short with his angry tone as he noticed the look on his sons face.

He was tired and breathing hard. His small body was shaking. Badly. Reaching out a hand, Stoick intended to check his sons tempature, but Hiccup flinched away from his touch. The boy may have possibly been scared of his father, but that only seem to be when he would scold

his child. He sat up with worry ached into his face.

"Hiccup. Son. What's the matter? What's gotten you so..startled?" He watch his son. He was looking around the room nervously. He clearly had something eating away at him, but he had yet to tell Stoick why. Clearly there was seriously something wrong. Anytime Hiccup wasn't talking your ear off should cause you to worry.

"I just...I had..a..nightmare. I think. I mean. It felt like it was so real. What you did.. What I did." Hiccup was stuttering and his shaking had gotten worse. The more he remembered the nightmare the more he wanted to cry. He felt disgusting for having such a dream about his own father and thinking it was real. He was probably the worse son in all of Berk.

Stoick watched his son attempt to explain his "nightmare." He shook his head. He was so small. Fragile. He looked so much like his mother, Valhallarama. That faced that wasn't his sons at times. That face that was his wives. Stoick felt an ache in his heart. Without warning the large man took hold of his sons hand and pulled him into a soft and warm embrace.

Hiccup jolted at the sudden embrace. Instead of pulling away Hiccup melted into it. Adoring the rare kindness his father would show him. Though the images of his nightmare began pooling in his mind, the boy wield them away and snuggle into his fathers rather large arms and calmed himself.

"...dad..." His voice was small. He was scared, but he pushed his words out. "Dad, do you think...that maybe...I mean.." His father interrupted him with soft words, not wanting to startle the boy any futher. "What is it Hiccup? What do you need? You know it's late and I know you had a bad dream, but you need to rest. You won't be any help to Gobber tomorrow if you can't even stay awake." He pulled away from the hug he started to look his boy in the eye.

Hiccup took another deep breath. "CanIsleepwithyouonightplease!" He spoke rather too fast and in just one breath. His father stared at him with wides eyes and very unsure of what his son had just asked. "What?" They both laughed. "I said, can i sleep with you tonight." After repeating this in a much more understandable voice, Hiccup began staring at the floor like it was the greatest thing he had ever seen.

Stoick chuckled at the boy again. No matter how old he got he still acted as if he was four. getting overly worked up over a simple nightmare. They were vikings! They hunted and killed dragons for crying out loud! Hiccup was fourteen now and was stilling wanting to sleep in his fathers bed. The large man was about to tell his boy to be a man and head back to bed, but when he looked in to emarld eyes he stopped.

Hiccup looked to be a step away from crying. Stoick thought about how he had seen the boy when he first had awaken him. Though he said it was a nightmare, it must have really terrified the child.

"Alright, but only for the niiiiggghhtttt!" Stoick scretched the last word as Hiccup suddenly latched his arms around his fathers neck and curled into his lap upon the bed. Stoick sighed quietly as a thought, 'Just like his mother.' Picking the boy from his lap he gently tossed

him to the left side of his bed. Before Hiccup could say aword, Stoick had tossed his furs over them both and was settling back down for bed.

When Hiccup snuggled onto his side, Stoick let out another quiet laugh and the thought passed his mind again, 'Just like his mother.'

* * *

><p>*What a Twist! Lmao. Dunnn Dunn Dun. It was all a nightmare! Hiccup is slightly confused why he had such an intense and sexual dream about his own father. Maybe its just teenage hormones? Maybe too much time watching dragons and vikings kill each other? But most importantly, Will this bond become something more? Something Beautiful? Find out next time in Chapter 8. ;D ***:(PLEASE REVIEW)::**<p>

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8! I'm really enjoying this story. First it was sick now its sweet! Again, What a Twist! (Also: This chapter will be twice the number of words then usual.)

:(DonburiYumYum: I'm keeping it going for you love! I love your reviews and I hope you love where this story goes!):

(WARNING: This is a story w/ incest.):

(Hiccup's P.O.V.)

* * *

><p>The morning came with a brightness Stoick was unfamiliar with. Lifting his left arm to shield his view from the offening light. As he began blocking the light, the larger man felt something small and warm snuggling closer against his left side. Stoick stiffened and relaxed. He bagn recalling the night. Hiccup had come into his room after having a horrid nightmare that the small boy had yet to tell him about. He had let his boy sleep with him to calm him like he had so many times when he was a child.<p>

Glancing down he began to notice changes in the boy. His short, chin lenght, auburn hair no longer fell to his chin, but to his shorts. Almost. His long lanky limbs seemed to fit his body better. All in all, Hiccup seemed to have his mother's curves and shape. He was small, but his body curved in just the right ways. Everything on him seemed to just fit perfectly.

Hiccup slowly stretched his arms and turned to his right and snuggled closer, if possibly, to his fathers left side. A smile lay on his face. He kept his eyes shut and enjoyed the warmth beside him. He felt complete satisfied and safe. He wasn't sure what he was laying against, he the small boy knew he didn't wanna leave the warmth that surrounded him.

Without warning, Hiccup shot up straight. His father grasping his heart. The child was so quick and unexpected, the larger man thought his heart was about to explode. The smaller boy turned to his father

with wide eyes. They stared at each other for a moment before the larger man spoke up. The awkwardness of the moment building.

"Well, we better get up and ready for the day, ah boy?" Stoick laughed slightly and patted his sons back as he spoke. Hiccup smirked nervously at his dad. He had a peaceful dream last night. The nightmare from before still cause him to feel strange toward his father, but at the same time he felt something else. It made him flustered and he didn't understand it. He knew that he just wanted to be close to his father, but if he did that he knew Stoick would eventually want to hear about the nightmare that had cause Hiccup to act "strangely."

Stoick and Hiccup were never really close, even when Valhallarama was alive. The closest they got is when Hiccup was sick. Really sick and had to stay close to his father for fear something may happen to the child while so unwell. Hiccup had to find a way to get closer to the man without drawing too much attention to his actions.

Today was going to a very long day.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was pacing in his home. It was dusk now outside and the boy was waiting for his to return home. Since the passing of his mother, Valhallarama, all the chores of the house had fallen to him. Cooking, cleaning, and heming clothes. These were several of the things the women on Berk learned at a younger age. Hiccup being the boy that he in fact was, had not learned these things, though after enough years he had gotten the hang of them.<p>

The boy had just finished making his father's favorite meal for dinner. Cooked mackerel with a side of lamb and corn. He had just finished and was hoping to get closer to his father. He still didn't understand the strange feelings he was having toward his father. All he knew was that he enjoyed being as close to his father as possible. Hiccup flushed at the thought.

As the door open Hiccup jumped at the sudden slam of the door closing and beamed up at his father. "Hi dad! I made your favorite meal! It's still fresh and hot! How was your day? Did you have a good time at the mead hall?" As Hiccup attacked his father with a non-stop assault of words, he was suddenly silenced by a large hand clapping across his mouth.

Hiccup looked up from his father to the mans large hand still across his mouth. The small boy tilted his head cutely to the side with a questioning look in his eyes. Stoick laughed slightly at his adorable son. WHAO! Did he just think of his son using the word "adorable?" Stoick shook that thought away.

Looking at his hand, Stoick, coud feel Hiccup smiling and laughing softly. He pulled his hand away, feeling slightly dissapointed at losing the touch of those soft lips. He shook his head once more.

"What's so funny?" The larger man asked. Rising a brow of confusion at the boy. His reply was a small smile and a slight shake of the head. He followed his son to the table and sat, watching the boy bring the food and giving him large portions of all he made.

* * *

><p>Dinner had been filled with small talk about one another's day. Laughs were thrown in here and there and smiles shared, but after dinner Hiccup's smile faltered. As the boy cleaned his eyes shifted from his cleaning to the large man sitting before the fire. He was drinking and had his eyes closed as if sleeping.<p>

As he watched his father, memories of the first night of his nightmare returned to him. Without realizing it, Hiccup was moving to the place his father sat. Once he was standing in front of the man, Stoick's eyes opened and looked his son over.

"Is something wrong son?" The question wasn't answered. Hiccup just stared down at his father. His eyes hazed over with a look the large man couldn't place, though he was sure he had seen it before. But the question was where? Stoick opened his mouth to question the boy once more, when Hiccup suddenly fell to his knees. His head resting gently in his father's lap.

The large man froze. Very unsure what to do or say. Since Hiccup had come to his room late last night, the boy had been acting strangely. He wanted to know what the dream was about and why it had changed the boy, literally, over night. Deciding it better not to pry, Stoick merely placed his hand atop the boy's head and stroked his hair gently. This reminded him of his late wife. The time they spent together before and after Hiccup was born. The small things the one would do for the other.

He smiled down at the boy, who seemed very much asleep. Taking his son's chin in his hand, he lifted the boy's head to meet his eyes. Hiccup was certainly awake as he smiled brightly, yet sleepily at him. Stoick chuckled amused at his child.

"Come on, boy. Time for bed." As Stoick stood he carefully picked Hiccup up with him. He usually had no desire to baby the child, but since his thoughts of how much Hiccup had seemed to be taking after Valhallarama, the large man couldn't help himself.

Hiccup snuggled closely to his father, wrapping his small arms around the large man's neck, and burying his head in the crook of his neck. "Your bed." Was all the boy said as he breathed deeply of his father's scent. He knew his thoughts and actions toward the large man weren't right, but he just controlled himself. He realized what his feelings were toward his father as he was cleaning up from their dinner.

He wanted the large man he called father. He wanted to take the place his mother had left. He knew it was sick. Twisted. He wanted it none the less. He enjoyed the feeling of being held by strong large arms. He enjoyed the musky scent that was his father's. He enjoyed the feeling of being needed, maybe even wanted.

* * *

><p>*::(IMPORTANT SIDE NOTE: I have no father. Never knew the man, so I feel completely happy writing things like this without disgust. Muwahahaha!):*:<p>

*::(WARNING: Incest ahead. Read at OWN desire, but I know you're

gonna read it.)::**

* * *

><p>Stoick said nothing. He took the boy to his room and laid him gently on his bed. He looked the boy over and saw that same hazed look within his eyes he saw just moments ago. Where had he seen it before? Then it hit him. HARD.<p>

Valhallarama. He had seen that hazed look from her. From his wife. His sons mother. It was the look she would give him when she wanted him. When she wanted to be taken.

Stoick stared into those emarld eyes. Could his son really want to be taken by his own father? The larger man had to admit he had thought about this turn of events after this morning while he was in the mead hall. "Hiccup.." The small boy that belong to the name interrupted with a small plea and nothing more. "Please?" No more words were said after that 'please.' Stoick had decided. If they both wanted it than there was no need to deny.

Stoick turned his boy so his legs dangled off the side of the bed. As he stood between those small, thin, tempting legs Stoick slowly moved close to the boy under him. His hands running up and down his small frame. Hiccup purred out a soft long moan. Arching his back just so to bring contact to his waist and the man above him.

Gripping those sweet hips, Stoick pulled his boy down to press inbetween his thighs. His grown erection grinding into Hiccups clothed entrance. Hiccup shot his arms around his fathers neck once more. Pulling the large man down to him as fell back upon the bed. Their lips smashing together. Stoick lightly bit Hiccups bottom lip.

As he moaned out in pleasure, Stoick took this as an invitation to explore the small boys virgin mouth. Their tongues fighting against the others. Stoick moved his hands down the boys body. Resting at the rim of his trousers. In a swift yank, Hiccup was pantless and breathless. Blushing boldly and turning his head slightly to the side. Embarrassed at his fully erected member twitched in the cold air. He was trembling with excitment.

Stoick placed his index and middle finger to Hiccups lips. The small boy gladly pulled them into his mouth, where he began sucking and lapping them with his tongue, completely unaware on his fathers slow skilled movement. A loud moan echoed the room.

Stoick had moved to Hiccups entrance and was lapping at the pink ring of muscles. His other hand slowly pumping his sons hard cock. Hiccup began sucking hard at his fathers fingers. Stoick could tell easily that his son was enjoying the tongue play he was minstering. He pushed his tongue forward slightly and Hiccup yelped. His father had stuck his tongue deep into his entrance. It felt strange, but unbelievably pleasurable. He clamped his muscles around the soft wet appendage.

Pulling his hand free, Stoick quickly replaced his tongue with his middle finger. Hiccup let out a scream, but quickly covered his mouth. The finger that was now thrusting in and out of him at a steady pace, it felt nothing like his fathers tongue. His fingers

were larger and caused a slight burn with each thrust.

Suddenly something was hit within him and Hiccup screamed loudly, not thinking to cover his mouth till it was too late. He looked down to his father who had a large smirk upon his face. He thrust again and the small boy saw stars once more and was moaning and panting while eagerly pushing down upon his fathers fingers. Without even knowing, Stoick had already placed his other finger in the boy and was scissoring rapidly. The large man wanted in the boys tight entrance soon.

Slowly Stoick withdrew his fingers from his child and dropped his on pants to his ankles and pulled Hiccup by the hips till his entrance was resting against the large mans now weeping cock. Watching Hiccup moan and scream had caused him to leak pre cum and he couldn't wait any longer.

Without warning, Stoick thrust his large cock to the hilt within Hiccups small body. Their lips crashing together. Stoick didn't want the village to hear his boy screaming bloody murder and come checking up on them. He stilled himself with the his son and waited till he felt Hiccup push gently down, giving him the sign to move.

The large man had started out slow. Pulling out to the tip and slowly making his way back to the hilt. Eventually he was slamming in to the boy writhing beneath him in pure pleasure. Stoick had stuck Hiccups sweet spot enough times that the boy had already came twice upon him self. Stoick was dangerously close and debating wheather or not to release his seed in to Hiccup.

Deciding, Stoick gripped Hiccups hips firmly and after a few rough and hard thrusts he pushed as deep within the small as he could and came. Once he did this he caused Hiccup to go over the edge once more and release hard one finale time for the night.

After what felt like forever, Stoick eventually pulled out, slowly, from Hiccup. His seed following his now soft manhood. Stoick lifted the small exhausted boy and placed him right in the bed, following suite himself and laid next to his nearly unconscious son. Hiccup snuggling close to his father before letting his dreams take him. A smile glued to his flushed face.

Stoick wrapped his arm arond the boy and pulled the covers over them both and followed Hiccup to a peaceful sleep.

* * *

><p>Up next is chapter 9! Can I stretch this story to ten chapters? What do you think? More? How did you all like this chapter ending? Please review!<p>

DonburiYumYum: I want details from you on what you thought for certain! ^-^

9. Chapter 9

Chapter nine. Gobber walks in on a very...Insane scene. How will he handle seeing a Father in bed with his Son? Lets see! Want to read my other stories? I have two others. "Dragon Ties & Dragons and

Confessions." I plan to make more! Please read them if you enjoy this one! Just look for "TheGodlessAngelOfDarkness" That's me.

::(DonburiYumYum: I'm glad you liked last chapter. I just started writing like 3 weeks ago so I am very happy to know I am getting better -Happy Dance- ALSO I am working on your requested story. The title will be "DonburiYumYum. That way you'll know it's yours)::

::(Lilly: I'm sorry about chapters 7 & 8, but I never had a father so I don't really understand how the relationship would work from a girls view, let alone a boys, but thank you for the feed back so now I know in my next Stoick/Hiccup to make a better strain on the relationship, considering their distance in movie and book.)::

::(germanyusaman1997: Thank you for your beautiful idea! you have inspired my tortu..I mean, story anew! Thank you! This chapter goes out to you!)::

::(Toolazytologin: Your story request will be titled Toolazytologin. Lol I know it's lame, but then you'll know it's your story)::

(WARNING: This is a story w/ incest.)

(Spitelout - Snotlout's Father/Hiccup's Uncle/Stoick's Brother/P.O.V.)

* * *

><p>No one had heard from neither Stoick of his boy all day. Normally Hiccup would be in the forge by dawn, yet it was almost evening and they hadn't let the house. At all. It was pretty strange to say on Hiccups part. Stoick could and would go on for days without leaving his house at times, but that usually only happened after a serious raid on Berk. Seeing as how there had not been a raid in WEEKS, him being locked away inside was all the more...strange.<p>

Spitlout, Snotlout's father, made his way to the Chiefs home to make sure everything was okay. He knocked, rather loudly, but was given no reply. He decide to hide in and check. He made his was to the top of the stairs, were he was sure he heard the Chief's loud snoring.

Peaking his head in his eyes went wide. He quickly turned and left. Surely he had been seeing things. Had he seen correctly? Stoick lay beide his son, Hiccup, in his large bed. The two snuggled closely together. Their clothes scattered about the floor. What where they doing? What had they done?

Spitlouts mind was swarming with questions, but without anyway to be answered. He knew eventually Stoick would make his way around the village, ending at the Mead Hall. He decide he would keep his mouth shut till he could speak to the man. His mind wandered back to Hiccups sleeping and barely overed form. He had never know the boy to have such a femine body type. He knew the boy wasn't the best warrior, but as he thought on it, maybe the boy was better suited for a bed warmer than a viking warrior.

The large man shook his head. He couldn't actually be thinking of the boy in such a fashion, though considering his relationship with his wife being as stale as it was.. Well, maybe he could reach an "understanding" with the two that benefited them both. I mean, if Spittleout was correct on his thoughts of what he had just seen, then something like this needed to be kept quiet.

The brunette smiled at his wicked thoughts. The Chiefs son was rather cute...

* * *

><p>it was dusk before Stoick decide to finally get up and do his rounds about the village. Upon reaching the Mead Hall the large man decide to have a drink. He had left Hiccup to sleep at home. His mind filled with thoughts of what he had done. He had regrets, yes, but he was the child's father. No matter how much the two enjoyed themselves, this was not something normal. It wasn't right. Stoick knew this.<p>

Lost in his thoughts the Chief didn't notice his brother coming upon him. "Hello brother. I see you finally decide to show your face today." Soick looked his brother over. The man spoke with a strange tone and worn a suspicious smile. "Had a long night is all Spittleout." The large red head eyed his brother closely as the man sat before him.

"So I came to check on the two of you at noon today." Stoick choked slightly and shot his eyes to his brother who still wore that suspicious smile. "You did? I didn't hear you knock." Stoick now eyed his drink as if it was poisoned. Not daring to look his brother in the eyes. "Yeah, well, I knocked pretty loud. When you didn't answer I came up to see if the two of ya were even alive."

Stoick froze all movement. He just kept his eyes now locked with Spittleout. The brother lowered his voice as he continued speaking. "You two were snuggled up so cutely. Reminded me of you and Valhallarama." Stoick interrupted, "The boy just had a night terror. He wouldn't go to bed unless he could lay with me." he faked a laugh and a smile, "Just like when he was small. You know how the boy can be. Stubborn like his old man."

"He was naked like his old man too I noticed." Stoick nearly spit his drink out as his brother said this so casually. He looked him over with stern eyes. Before Stoick could make any excuse Spittleout merely raised his hand. "Don't worry brother. I won't question why you two were doing what you were and I'm sure you were, but you have to let me in on the fun too."

Stoick looked overly shocked, not only had he been caught laying with his son, but the child's uncle, his brother was asking to lay with him as well. The Chief just stared at his brother for a long moment till he cocked his head to the side in thought. It wouldn't be good on him or Hiccup if the village found out about this, but he couldn't just offer his son out as a slut to keep their secret. Could he?

After a long time with his thoughts, Stoick looked back to his brother. His eyes filled a worry and seriousness. "Let me speak to the boy. That's the least I do before I decide to whore the child

out." As he finished his drink Stoick stood and left his brothers side. Not wanting to look the man in the eyes. Spitlout had just turned something he dared to say beautiful, into blackmail to fuck his son. Stoick had no idea how to speak with Hiccup about this.

* * *

><p>"I have to WHAT!" Hiccup was angry to say the least. "Son, please think about what the village would do if Spitlout told them what he did." Hiccup stared at his father. Angry and sadness swirling within emerald eyes. "LIE! You are the Chief! Everyone trusts you! Just say he wants you to make him chief and he is using this against you." The boy crossed his arms. He loved his father alot. In a way he never knew he could, but to be asked to sleep with your uncle was alittle, well to Hiccup, disgusting.<p>

He didn't have the feelings he had for his father for his uncle. The name was just a larger verison of his cousin, Snotlout. That thought only made it worst. Hiccup turned his eyes back to his father. The man had a pleading look that broke Hiccup easily.

"AH! What was that for?" Stoick rubbed his slightly stinging arm. Hiccup may be small and viewed as weak, but the boy could pack a punch. "Fine." Hiccups face was in an adorable pout and had his eyes cast to the fireplace. He had been sitting in Stoicks lap as they spoke. The pain of the request still staining those young eyes.

Pulling his son close he spoke softly into his ear. "Thank you. I know you don't want to do this. I'll speak with Spitlout tomorrow morning." Hiccup rolled his eyes. He was trying hard to hide his fear of the situation.

* * *

><p>Well well well...it seems next chapter will be a HiccupSpitlout. Still incest and more than likely a little abuse. Hiccup has second thoughts, but Spitlout gets hat he wants. Review please! I shall be working on all the story request I have gotten also so next chapter needs 3 reviews before I will post it! Hope you all enjoyed.

10. Chapter 10

Chapter ten. Woot woot! Got more than 3 reviews so here it is! (Hint for next chapter: This is going down a dark road once more)

(DonburiYumYum: GET DOWN WITH THE SICKNESS! WA WA! Again. I adore your reviews my dear. I also enjoy a twisted roman solider rape when I read the book):

::(WARNING: Incest/abuse ahead. Don't like don't read)::

(Hicups P.O.V.)

* * *

><p>Hiccup had been nervous all day. His father had set up a fishing

trip that would last two days. They would return on the third day. Hiccup was to meet at his uncles house while all the other kids were away on the trip. This did nothing, but cause Hiccups stomach to do flips. Not only was he to sleep with his uncle, but his father wouldn't be home for a whole day after.<p>

As night drew near Hiccups strenght to do as his father asked faltered. He felt as if he was breaking with fear. He never had any desire to do this from the beginning. Still he made his way through Berk. As he reached the steps to Spitelouts home, he stopped. Maybe he still had time to turn back? Too late.

As his uncle open the door to his home, Hiccup smiled awkwardly at the large man. Spitlout stepped aside and aloud the boy inside. Hiccup walked in quickly. His mind trying to find a way around this. As the door slammmed shut. the small boy turned swiftle to his Uncle.

Before words could be spoken, Hiccup found him self pushed, roughly, to the floor. The pain in his back from the landing was great. Wincing the small boy looked up as a hand came down to him.

Clutching the boys hair tightly, Spitlout began dragging the boy to the back from of his home. Hiccup was in shock at the sudden action and attempting to stand so he wasn't being pulled along by just his hair, but before he could he was pulled up and thrown into another person. Hiccup looked up to the larger man and paled.

"Go...Gobber?" The small boys eyes were wide. Of all people why would the large blonde with the hook hand be here. Fear was shaking Hiccups small form. He thought he was about to vomit. The large blonde looked at him with empty eyes, not like he usually did. The concerned fatherly look was gone. The small boy fell to his knees.

"Lets hurry this up." Gobber said this in a cold tone. "Okay. Front or back?" Hiccup froze at his uncles words. '_Front or back?_' He shot his eyes to Gobber with a pleading stare. This had to be a joke. Right? "Back. I don't want to have to see him looking at me." The blonde was avoiding the small boys eyes. "After the first round we can just blind fold him. You can't have all the fun."

Before Hiccup cold process anything he found himself being grabbed at my large hands all over. Within minutes he was stripped and on his knees. His uncle forcing his way down his throat and his "boss" readying him from behind.

* * *

><p>TIME WARP DANCE! *Skips ahead after horrid rape scene* (Sorry, I no write this scene here. You want this part I need ten reviews. Show me you want it & I'll edit chapter with the scene in it! Otherwise I keep it out...Yes I am holding it for ransom...)<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup layed upon the floor. Tears still slipping from his eyes. Blood and cum leaking from below. He was in amense pain. Was this what he had to do keep his and his fathers secret? It suddenly didn't seem worth it. Gods how he was beginning to wish that dream had me

reality. No matter how much was enjoying his new passion with his father, he couldn't take this. This was madness. Left in the darkness.<p>

The other two men, whom Hiccup once considered family, had abandoned him in their mess. He was alone. He simply didn't care. He stared into the ceiling thinking. What would he tell his father? Could he tell him? Did he know this was going to happen? Had he planned for this to happen?

Hiccup slapped his hands to his head. Shaking violently to rid the thoughts from his mind. This was like the nightmare, but much worse. Instead of just pain he felt happiness only to have it shoved into the fire and to burn before him.

Puuling himself from the floor he winced and shuddered. This sickness began to empty from him with the angle change of his body. It felt disgusting and only made his clean up job more of a hassle.

After finding his clothes and cleaning up the fluids from the floor Hiccup quickly stumbled from the house of his uncle. He wasn't sure where he would go. His father wouldn't be home till the 'morrow and heading home would be just like waiting in this house for his uncle to return and _play_ again. Hiccup gaged at the thought.

He headed to 'Raven's Peak.' Few people in the village knew how to get there or even treaded that far into the forest. Hiccup could clean himself more properly and not have to worry about being walked in on and left to explain how he had gotten the bruises upon his body that he could already feel forming.

As Hiccup reached the tree line within the village, Hiccup felt his legs being to move a little faster. He soon began to run without realizing it. He wanted out. To get away from this place that only caused him pain, but the question that stopped him in his tracks was would he even come back once his father returned.

Would he...?

* * *

><p>end of chapter ten~ Review please? Sorry for the super late update! *bows* I has the writer block...<p>

11. Chapter 11

Sorry for once more being late on my chapter up dates! But though the update says this is chapter 11...it is not. SORRY! But when i actually make chapter 11 i'm just gonna leave it as chapter 12.

Why have I not updated yet? Been very busy with work and my daughter. Summer is always crazy at the theater! XC Please forgive me! Also...more than likely the next chapter will be the the one that leads to the last chapter! So by chapter 13 the story will end...but i got some good twists coming in buwahahahahaha. if they disappoint you...well...ok.

I shall update soon! Also...if any of you like InuYasha...I made a Miroku-x-Kouga rated M. ;D Please read till I return...its May

26...I'm off work tomorrow, so i'll update ALL my stories then
:3

12. Chapter 12

Last chapter/12. Those that read this story and enjoy it...I am sorry but I have no where left to go with this, so if this ending displeases you...too bad. I am sorry. But please read so of my other stories!

Warning! Mature Language.

* * *

><p>As Hiccup reached the tree line within the village, Hiccup felt his legs being to move a little faster. He soon began to run without realizing it. He wanted out. To get away from this place that only caused him pain, but the question that stopped him in his tracks was would he even come back once his father returned.<p>

Would he...?

...?

He reread the last line over and over. He didn't know what to add anymore. He could have kept it going, but he didn't want to make it into a pointless thing. He sighed. Stomping from the stairs alerted the boy to his sisters approach. He closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. This was gonna be interesting.

"Tuffnut, what the hell are you doing? You're not still writing this crap are you?" She laughed as she stared at the screen. "Ya know, if Hiccup finds out about you writing this fucked up shit he is gonna stomp your balls and dump your weird ass." Ruffnut spoke with her own trade mark smirk as her eyes kept running across the screen.

I pushed her aside and and straighten up in my desk chair. "He isn't gonna find out. It's all fantasy anyway so it doesn't matter!" She just smirked more as she cocked an eye brow at me. "Fantasy or not, writing shit like that about him and his dad is pretty fucked up idiot." She stood from her place I shoved her to the floor and dusted herself off.

"Are you coming or not? We were supposed to meet them at the station twenty minutes ago!" She turned and headed back down the stairs. I turned back to the screen and let out another sigh. "Guess I'll start another story. Maybe one about Hicca and Fishlegs.. That could be interesting. Maybe?" I said aloud to no one.

I turned off my laptop and shut the lid. Grabbing my coat I rushed down to Ruff and headed out to meet my Hicca and the others at the station.

* * *

><p>End~<p>

Sorry but this is the end to this story! Don't be too mad at me, I just honestly have nowhere left to go with the story... -_-

End
file.